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Good morning Mr. Chair and members of the committee. My name is David "Doc" Moore (spell last name) I am a retired mechanic who ran for HD 91 on the Republican ticket last year, thank you for listening to my story today. I have come before you to oppose SB 116. Every word of what I am going to tell you is true and difficult to relate openly in public. But I am so concerned that this Bill might pass that I come to openly talk about a very private event in my life.

This coming June will be the 9th anniversary the death of my wife Christine Moore, a 19 year veteran of Bonner School. In the summer of 1997 Christine was diagnosed with malignant melanoma stage IV, her initial tumor was under the skin attached to the skull to the left of her nose.

Christine underwent a very complicated 8 ½ surgery because the cancer had already spread to her lymph nodes, basically the surgeons cut her throat from jaw line to shoulder to remove as many lymph nodes as possible. After recovery she started chemo. There was a life expectancy of 6 months to 3 years on the outside.

Any one that knew my wife, knew she was not going to roll over and quit, she continued to work teaching for 4 more years until the cancer treatments made her quit working with the children she loved so much. By Spring of 2001 she had undergone two rounds of chemo and new tumors had started to appear through out her body. A third round of chemo performed in Missoula failed to stop the spread, she was given 3 months to live. By chance we stumbled upon the John Wayne Cancer Center in Santa Monica, CA. where they were freezing tumors. As she had very large mass in her liver by this time my hope was this would given her some relief from the pain and discomfort. She was not a candidate for this procedure, but was for bio-chemo treatment, so that summer starting in August she began treatment. When 911 hit we worried she would miss her Sept. treatment, but the planes flew again. The next 8 months we travel for treatment, she did not go into remission, but was static. The treatments were horrible to watch and to have done. In my opinion, women have so much more strength then men for such procedures. Finally in March of 2002 the scans showed tumors in the lungs, brain, liver, spleen and elsewhere. No more treatments, just prepare to die. She went to see her son in Texas who is a Doctor now and came home. Daily you could see the tumors enlarge till she looked to be pregnant close to birth, the pain had increased daily. Two or three weeks before she died we went camping. Despite the pain she wanted one last memory of something we loved doing together.

Thankfully we has hospice and she was able to be at home for her last few weeks. She was on a morphine pump for those weeks, dosage ever higher. The last day she was able to stand she talked blindly to the walls as the renal failure began, she cried when we had to put a diaper on her as then she really knew her time was short, yet she still worried about me till the end. After she slipped into a coma her face remained contorted from the pain, no matter how many times I pressed the button on the drip. For three days she lingered, breath raspy, the death rattle from her lungs filling with fluid, till finally she ceased to be. And at that moment a look of peace came over her face as she was released from her pain. As a family we bathed her body and dressed her for cremation. I can not tell you how close I came to smashing the lock off the pump to end her pain. If only we had been able to have her doctors help those last few days.

No husband should have to watch a wife endure 5 years of pain only to suffer needlessly in the finally days and hours of her life.

And that is why I came before you today to beg you to allow people to die with peace and dignity. No one should stand between a doctor's care and a patient.

Thank-you.

David Moore